

Across the bridge

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Summary: And they stay there, in His presence, in His light, the Shadowlands behind their backs, the true Life in front of them. But when they cross their last bridge, they're not alone. And what was seemingly lost will be found again, so let's be glad and celebrate. Series of unrelated one-shots set in Aslan's country. Ch 1: Caspian and Ramandu's daughter

Across the bridge

****Disclaimer: ***nods at Lewis***

****Caspian and Ramandu's daughter**** (whom I've named Rilendav, by the way)

In the midst of all this fuss Jill and Eustace slipped quietly indoors and changed out of their bright clothes into ordinary things, and Caspian went back into his own world, where Aslan was waiting for him, his sharp teeth shining bright, as he slyly smiled. The King could not understand what his Lord had in store for him, as the Lion cast his sharp and intense golden gaze upon him. Slowly, ever so slowly, Aslan's eyes led Caspian's toward the source of a sudden splendor; a rich and clear light made of pureness and love, that very same love that He who was pure Light and Love radiated matchlessly. Streams of golden light whirled, then, creating intricate and beautiful volutes, overwhelming Caspian, who felt unwrapped in a soft cloak made of wind. He closed his eyes, and, when he opened them, a known figure met them: a beautiful, pale and gently smiling woman stood there, her eyes shining, hands together, a precious tiara on her forehead.

"Rilendav, Rilendav," Caspian's very soul cried out, but his lips didn't make a sound.

"Caspian..." Ramandu's daughter answered softly. She was as he remembered her. Her eyes could still be compared with deep water, and her hair, blowing in the fragrant breeze, was pure gold. She looked

exactly as she did all those years ago, when he had landed at Ramandu's island for the second time. Then, as now, she had been waiting... waiting for him.

"Welcome, my Lord," she greeted him, before adding the same line she had added then. "The birds are singing happily, for the rising sun rays illuminate the earth once more."

"Well met, my Lady. Certainly their happiness is nothing, when compared to mine," he answered. He used the same words, too.

Suddenly, the Lion was there, by their sides. He had been near them then, too, but the words He spoke now were different, yet not so different. He was blessing their union again, before disappearing.

"Death tried to tear you both apart, but I defeated Death. From now on, you shall never be apart again, for those whom I have joined together, no one can ever separate. And I've joined you, my children. Be at peace."

The King's and Queen's hearts did swell with joy, and they knew they were at the height of their happiness, yet their eyes felt wet.

They stared at each other a long time, until Caspian found himself and reached his hand out to caress his beloved's face. Now, he could understand Eustace's disbelief.

"I love you so much," he whispered softly. "And... I can't find any words to express what my heart feels..."

She hugged him. "No words are needed. Just look into my eyes."

He did so, then with a mischievous smile he remembered there was a tradition he was very fond of. He took her hand, and her lips curved upwards.

"... dance with me?"

"... dance with me?"

It was an old Telmarine tradition; one of the few he still observed actually, and while Caspian understood why he couldn't leave Ramandu's island with Rilendav without marrying her first, he felt a bit disappointed, nevertheless. Travelling back from the World's End, he had been dreaming about it. There would be a ball and he would ask her to dance the first dance with him, and this would be his official proposal for everybody to know; as tradition said that, when the King held a ball on that special day of the year, it meant he had chosen his spouse: he would marry the first maid he would dance with.

Of course, Rilendav had felt something was wrong with him, and turned to Lord Drinian for help. When she had discovered about the tradition, she had fixed things in her own way.

_Drinian led his blind-folded King towards the centre of the island, then removed Caspian's blindfold. Around them, there were the crew of the Treader, the Telmarine Lords, Ramandu and his daughter. The fair-haired young man immediately recognized what was going on, and

his eyes grew wide in surprise and pleasure._

"Drinian," he accused.

"Actually, your Majesty, my understanding is that you have Lady Rilendav and her father to blame."

Caspian set his eyes on the retired Star and his daughter. They were secretly whispering to each other. Once they were done, Ramandu gestured with his hand, and some sailors started to play music; it was a simple sea song, more of a sea shanty actually, but very cheerful and enjoyable. And when Rilendav's father asked him to grant his daughter's wish, the King knew he could ask for no more. The girl approached and, blushing, requested, "shall you dance with me, my King?"

At the end of the dance, he had sworn he would love her all his life, and... He suddenly stopped their dance, realizing something very important.

As soon as the music stopped, he brought her hand to his lips, then whispered, "I wish I could love as Aslan does, for all His love I'd offer to you, but I cannot. I'm just grateful to the Great Lion for letting me love and cherish you. I thank Him for letting me share all my love with you. My heart and my soul belong to you, and they will as long as I live."

She echoed his words, swearing her love for him, too.

Rilendav looked at him with surprise and concern.

"My promise, my oath to love you," he started explaining. "It's not true anymore. It cannot be, as that life ended... so..." He saw his bride's eyes shine with a new light. "I bound myself to you, Rilendav, daughter of Ramandu," he took her hand, and kissed it, before laying it on his own heart, "I bound my heart to your own and I promise to be by your side," he leaned forward to be able to whisper in her ear, "for all eternity."

She smiled, and echoed, "for all eternity."

**...endless...**

* * *

><p>Very long AN **_(sorry)

First of all, thank you very much for reading :) And my biggest thanks to **Wildhorses1492** for editing this, and for being such an inspiration and support!

_Louisa May Alcott wrote, "Love scenes, if genuine, are indescribable; for to those who have enacted them, the most elaborate description seems tame, and to those who have not, the simplest picture seems overdone." Keeping this in mind, I really hope you'll forgive me if I did something wrong writing this one-shot. I did want to write this scene with everything I had, but writing romance is difficult, indeed! _And please, forgive me any mistakes, too. Thanks!_

The whole idea of writing one-shots set in Aslan's country was born while I was reading this paragraph from the 'Last Battle': "Everyone you had ever heard of (if you knew the history of those countries) seemed to be there. There was Glimfeather the Owl and Puddleglum the Marshwiggle, and King Rilian the Disenchanted, and his mother, the Star's daughter, and his great father, Caspian himself. And close beside him were the Lord Drinian and the Lord Berne and Trumpkin the Dwarf and Trufflehunter, the Good Badger, with Glenstorm the Centaur and a hundred other heroes of the great War of Deliverance. And then from another side came Cor the King of Archenland with King Lune, his father, and his wife, Queen Aravis and the brave prince, Corin Thunder-Fist, his brother and Bree the Horse and Hwin the Mare. And thenâ€"which was a wonder beyond all wonders to Tirianâ€"there came from further away in the past, the two good Beavers and Tumnus the Faun."

After reading it, I couldn't resist and decided to write a series of one-shots, each one revolving around a different reunion happening in Aslan's country. I hope you'll enjoy :) And I accept requests about which characters you'd love to see! Caspian and Rilendav just happen to be the first ones, but others will come, given time. There are just so many lovely characters! :)

_The title and summary are inspired by this line from VoDT: "I shall be telling you all the time," said Aslan. "But I will not tell you how long or short the way will be; only that it lies across a river. But do not fear that, for I am the great Bridge Builder." _

The first line of this one-shot is directly taken from 'The Silver Chair', and that's why it's underlined.

End
file.